

Hobson's Choice.

A

POEM,

IN

ANSWER

TO THE

CHOICE,

Written by a Person of Quality.



LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by John Nutt, near Stationers-  
Hall. M.DCC.

Hobbs's Choice.

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H65

P O E M

A N S W E R

C H O I C E

Written by a Person of Quality.



L O N D O N

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# Hobson's Choice.

A

## P O E M.

Since Heaven denies us liberty of *Choice*,  
 Why should a Man (for God-sake) make a noise?  
 I'll never whine into a Golden *Wish*,  
 Nor labour after Flying *Happiness*:  
 Nor take the pains to Curse my backward *Fate*,  
 Or to the Goddess *Fortune* doff my Hat:  
 But if my *Fate* do's lend me Breath so long,  
 To make an end of this *Authentick Song*,  
 You'll hear it; or if not, I'll hold my *Tongue*.  
 For 'tis a Jest to Rail at adverse *Fate*,  
 A *Wise Man's* Merry, do's Congratulate,  
 And will Enjoy *himself* in *Every State*.  
 If *He* be doom'd to *Knighthood*, or a *Gown*,  
 It does affect his *Heel's*, but not his *Crown*:  
 For why should he have *Windmills* in his *Head*,  
 Because the *Bishop*, or the *King*, has said;

Rise



Rise up Sir Richard, or Hey-jingo Priest  
 Appear, and shew the World a New-made Vest?  
 Prelates and Princes too are oft mistaken;  
 'Tis not what *They*, but what *One's self* does make *One*.  
 Then should a *Wise Man* mind the random Talk,  
 Of those *Jocose* and Elevated Folk,  
 And so be bubbled of his Native Will,  
 By which he is just what he *would be* still?  
 Fantastique Fortune may do what she can,  
 She'll leave me as she finds me, still a Man;  
 Or if she please to let me but alone,  
 I shall be *Hobson* then, and that's *all one*:  
 And tho' she most Delights to make us Apes,  
 And gives us every Day New several Shapes;  
 Nicknames us Lords, and Citts, and Mountebanks,  
 And makes us play abroad her senseless Pranks,  
 A Wise Man knows *himself* still under all,  
 And ne'er forgets his *true* Original:  
 The *Man* Appears beneath the *Ass's* Skin;  
 And *Fortune* wears without, *himself* within.  
 But what if froward *Fortune* looks awry?  
 Why, if she be Cross-grain'd, e'en so she may.  
 What Man of *Sense* would care a Straw for that?  
 Or value more her *Favour* than her *Hate*?

If

If I *deserve* her Friendship, she's to *blame*,  
And the *Reproach* Asperfes most the *Dame*.  
For who that sees a *Muse's* Son in Rags,  
That up and down in Rime for Vittle begs,  
Do's not with utmost Indignation say,  
Fortune's a *Jade*, but He's an honest Boy ?  
This *Dons*, and Men of *Quality*, will own,  
Who Buy his *Wit*, because themselves have *None*.  
Mean time the *Bard* reels on, and ne'er Reflects,  
His *Poverty* his *Liberty* Protects.  
And well *he* knows 'twere Mad in him to Wish,  
For Country *Seats*, or Landed *Happiness* ;  
That Prayer would ne'er obtain among the Gods ;  
For 'twere enough to set the Stars at Odds.  
*His* Planet governs with a Liberal force,  
And unrestrain'd, abides no stated Course,  
But freely all about the Sky it reels,  
As *he* below its merry Influence feels.

By Heaven, I'd rather be just what I *am*,  
Plain *Hobson*, than be painted with the Sham  
Appearance of the Gaudy *Fortunate*,  
Who have less *Happiness*, and more *Creat*.

B

For

For Happiness would be a Paradox,  
 If 'twere Enjoyed alike by *Wits* and *Blocks*.  
 But Various Men pursue the Various Notion  
 Of Happiness, according to the Portion  
 They have of *Sense*, which is the Gift of Fate,  
 And not to be inferr'd from an Estate,  
 No more than *Wisdom* from a *broad-brim'd Hat*.  
 And yet it is the ardent wish of *One*,  
 That was, belike, both Bred and Born in Town,

*The Choice,*  
 P. 3. *O that hard by I had a private Seat,*

Fine as my Hopes, as my Ambition Great,  
 That all the Town might come and hear me *Bleat*,  
 And make *new* Wishes for a fresh Retreat.  
 So *Wishes* still vain *Wishes* must succeed,  
 And *those* again beget an Endless Breed,  
 And *all* at last must stray without a Head;  
 For who that has that *Engine* on his Neck,  
 Whose heft do's not the weak Supporter break,  
 Would ever Ramble from *himself* so far,  
 And what he has not *here*, to hunt for *there*?

P. 3. and 6. As if when he his *Wench* and *Stream* had found,  
 His *Happiness* would not in *both* be drown'd:  
 For who can bound the Cravings of his *Thought*,  
 When it exceeds the brims of what *he's* got?

The

Hobson's *Choice*.

7

The Fancied *Ground-plot*, and the *Flowing Stream*,  
Content him better as they are his *Theam*,  
Than if he view'd his *disappointed* Face in them.  
Then home recall thy *Wandering Thoughts* agen,  
Make that their *Mansion* which was once their *Den* :  
There let them form *Domestick* Happiness,  
With less *Applause*, but with much more *Success*,  
And with inverted *Wit* the *Poet* truly *Bless*.  
For I'm the happy Man, when all is said,  
Who live at *Home*, my House upon my Head ;  
Who never lengthen to a *foreign Wish*,  
But size my Porrage always to my Dish ;  
And unaffected both with *Time* and *Place*,  
Behold th' uneven *World* with even Face.  
Instant *Fruition* Cheers my aged *Pate*,  
And Marks of Plenty shine upon my Hat.  
Tho' I'm not Rich, I have the Ready Mess,  
To stop my Mouth, e'er *Gutts* are in distress :  
Not that I tune my *Speculative Brain*,  
Just to the Croacking of *their* Grosser Strain :  
But if they Cry aloud, I've *Bread* and *Cheese*,  
And they shall hold their Peace for such as *these*.  
*Custard*, and Nicer Diet, I forbid,  
And Sacred *Pies* unviolated *Lid*.

When



When *Supper's* done, I never Dream of *want*  
 For times to come, *Times* which I also ha'n't ;  
 But in the *Corner* when I've sat a while,  
 Pleas'd with my self, I give the *World* a smile,  
 Then my own Pace away I go to Bed,  
 Stretch my self out, and Sleep as I were Dead.

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F I N I S.

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